

If we can still love those who have made us suffer, we love them all the more.











## The Garland.

### LET ME SING TO-NIGHT, MOTHER!

We give below, as the Albany Argus, the words of a charming song, which has been put to music by Mr. TAYLOR, of this city, and which has become a great favorite. The song is so wedded to music and melody, that the words cling to memory without effort.

Oh, let me sing to-night, mother,  
That song I used to sing,  
When hope was bright, and my heart was light  
As a bird upon the wing?  
I know that I miss the voice, mother,  
That warbled with me the strain,  
But let me sing to-night, mother,  
The dear old song again.

I know 'twill bring and thoughts, mother,  
That years may like life rain,  
For a loving eye and a fair young face  
Thou art 'neath me again.  
But I have need each tear, mother,  
Back to its source to send,  
And let me sing to-night, mother,  
The song she loved so well.

It will bring bright dreams to my heart, mother,  
Bright dreams of the joyous past,  
When hope, all rainbow-hued, mother,  
Her halo around me cast.  
I know the light grown dim, mother,  
But still I fondly cling,  
To the bright dreams that come back, mother,  
With the song I used to sing.

As I sing that song of joy, mother,  
Faith upward lifts its eye,  
Towards the land of rest, mother,  
Where hope can never die,  
When time that strongly bind, mother,  
May be 'neath me again,  
Where tears are dried, and the heart, mother,  
May never know sorrow again.

Then let me sing to-night, mother,  
That dear old song again,  
And pray when I sleep at last, mother,  
By her side all silent and cold—  
Our spirit may wander to-night, mother,  
Where Heaven's hush-bell ring,  
And our voices be mingled there, mother,  
In the songs the angels sing.

## Miscellaneous.

### THE WIFE.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

The treasures of the deep are not so precious,  
As are the contents of a man's  
locked up in woman's heart. I want the air  
When a delicious breath marriage sends forth—  
The violet blue 'tis sweeter. MIDDLETON.

I have often had occasion to remark the  
fortitude with which women sustain the  
most overwhelming reverse of fortune. —  
Those disasters which break down the  
spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the  
dust seem to call forth all the energies of  
the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and  
elevation to their character, that at times it  
approaches sublimity. Nothing can be  
more touching than to behold a soft and tender  
female, who had been all weakness and  
dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness,  
while treading the prosperous path of  
life, suddenly rising in mental force to be  
the comforter and support of her husband  
under misfortune, and abiding, with un-  
shrinking firmness, the bitterest blast of  
adversity.

As the wine, which has long twined its  
graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted  
by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy  
plant is riddled by the thunderbolt, and blind  
and up its shattered boughs; so it is beautiful-  
ly ordered by Providence, that woman,  
who is the mere dependent and ornament of  
man in his happier hours, should be his  
stay and solace when smitten with sudden  
calamity; winding herself into the rugged  
recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting  
the drooping head, and binding up the  
wounded heart.

I was once congratulating a friend, who  
had around him a blooming family, knit to-  
gether in the strongest affection. "I can  
wish you no better lot," said he, "than to  
have a wife and children. If you are pros-  
perous, they are to share your prosperity;  
if otherwise, they are to comfort you."

And, indeed, I have observed that a  
married man falling into misfortune is  
more apt to recover than a single one. —  
Partly because he is more stimulated to ef-  
fort by the necessities of the helpless  
and beloved beings who depend on him, and  
partly because his wife, who has been a  
substantial comforter, and who has been  
soothed and relieved by domestic en-  
dowments, and his self-respect kept alive  
by finding that though all abroad in dark-  
ness and humiliation, yet there is still a  
world of love at home, of which he is the  
monarch. Whereas a single man is apt  
to run to waste and neglect; to find him-  
self lonely and abandoned, and his heart  
to fall to ruin like some deserted mansion  
for want of an inhabitant.

These observations call to mind a little  
domestic story of which I was a witness.  
My intimate friend Leslie had married a  
beautiful girl who had been brought up  
in the midst of a fashionable life. She had,  
it is true, no fortune, but that of my friend  
was ample; and he delighted in the antici-  
pation of indulging her in every elegant  
pursuit, and administering to those delicate  
tastes and fancies, that spread a kind of  
witchery about the sex. "Her life," said he,  
"shall be like a fairy tale."

The very difference in their characters  
produced in harmonious combination; he  
was of a romantic and somewhat serious  
cast; she was all life and gladness, and  
have often noticed the mute rapture with  
which he gazed on her in company, of which  
her brightly powers made her the  
delight, and how, in the midst of applause,  
her eyes would still turn to him, as if there  
alone she sought favor and acceptance. —  
When leaning on his arm, her slender form  
contrasted finely with his tall manly per-  
son. The fond confiding air with which  
she looked up to him seemed to call forth  
a flush of triumphant pride and cherishing  
tenderness, as if he doated on his lovely  
burden for his helplessness. Never did a  
couple set forward on the flowery path of  
early and well suited marriage with a fair-  
er prospect of felicity.

It was the misfortune of my friend, how-  
ever, to have embarked his property in large  
speculations; and he had not been married  
many months, when by a succession of sud-  
den disasters, it was swept from him, and  
he found himself almost reduced to penury.  
For a time he kept his situation to himself,  
and went about with a haggard counten-  
ance and a breaking heart. His life was  
but a protracted agony; and what rendered  
it more insupportable was the necessity  
of keeping a smile in the presence of his  
wife; for he could not afford to let himself  
be seen from those lips—the home of  
those eyes which he quenched in sorrow  
and the happy heart which now beats like  
light in that bosom, will be weighed down  
like mine, by the cares and miseries of the  
world.

At length he came to me one day, and

related his whole situation in a tone of the  
deepest despair. "When I heard him through-  
ly inquired, 'Does your wife know all this?'  
At the question he burst into an agony  
of tears. 'For God's sake!'" cried he, "if  
you have any pity on me, do not men-  
tion my wife; it is the thought of her  
that drives me almost to madness."

"And why not?" says I. "She must  
know it sooner or later; you cannot keep  
it long from her, and the intelligence may  
break upon her in a more startling manner  
than if imparted by yourself; for the ac-  
cidents of those we love often the harshest  
tidings."

"But, you are depriving your-  
self of the comfort of her sympathy; and  
merely that, but also endangering the  
only bond that can keep hearts together—  
an unreserved community of thought and  
feeling. She will soon perceive that some-  
thing is secretly preying upon your mind;  
and true love will not brook reserve; it will  
feel undervalued and outraged, when even  
the sorrows of those it loves are concealed  
from it."

"Oh, but my friend! to think what a  
blow I am to give to all her prospects—  
how I am to strike over very soul to the  
earth, by telling her that her husband is a  
beggar! that she is to forego all the elegan-  
cies of life—all the pleasures of society—  
to shrink with me into indigence and ob-  
scurity! To tell her that I have dragged  
her down from the sphere in which she  
might have continued to move in constant  
brightness—the light of every eye—the ad-  
miration of every heart!—How can she  
bear neglect? she has been the idol of an-  
cients! Oh, it will break her heart—it will  
break her heart!"

I saw his grief was eloquent, and let  
it have its flow; for sorrow relieves itself  
by words. When his paroxysm had subsided,  
and he had relapsed into moody silence, I  
resumed the subject gently, and urged him  
to break his situation at once to his wife.  
He shook his head mournfully, but posi-  
tively.

"But how are you to keep it from her?  
It is necessary that she should know it,  
that you take the steps proper to the altera-  
tion of your circumstances. You must  
change your style of living—nay," observ-  
ing a pang to shoot across his countenance,  
"don't let that afflict you. I am sure you  
have never placed your happiness in outward  
show—you have yet warm friends, who will  
not think the worse of you for being  
splendidly lodged; and it does not re-  
quire a palace to be happy with Mary—"

"I could be happy with her," cried he,  
convulsively, "if I could go down with  
her into poverty and the dust!"

"I could—I could—God bless her!—God  
bless her!" cried he, bursting into a trans-  
port of grief and tenderness.

"And believe me, my friend," said I,  
"grasping him warmly by the hand, 'believe  
me, she can be the same with you. And  
more; she will be a source of pride and tri-  
umph to her—it will call forth all the lat-  
ent energies and fervent sympathies of her  
nature; for she will rejoice to prove that  
she loves you for yourself. There is in  
every true woman's heart a spark of heav-  
enly fire, which lies dormant in the broad  
daylight of prosperity; but which kindles  
and becomes a blaze in the dark hour  
of adversity. No man knows what the  
wife of his bosom is—no man knows what  
a ministering angel she is—until he has  
gone with her through the fiery trials of  
this world.'"

There was something in the earnestness  
of my manner, and the figurative style  
of language, that caught the imagination of  
Leslie. I knew the auditor I had to deal  
with, and following upon the impressions  
made, I finished by persuading him to go  
home and unbend his sad heart to his  
wife.

I must confess, notwithstanding all I had  
said, I felt some little solicitude for the  
result. One who can calculate on the fortitude  
of one whose life has been a round of  
pleasure? Her gay spirits might revolt at  
the downward path of low humility sud-  
denly pointed out before her, and might  
cling to the sunny regions in which she  
had hitherto revelled. Besides, ruin in fash-  
ionable life accompanied by so many gall-  
ing mortifications, to which in other words  
it is a stranger. In short, I could not meet  
Leslie the next day without trepidation.  
He had made the disclosure.

"And how did she bear it?"

"Like an angel! It seemed rather to be  
a relief to her mind, for she threw her arm  
around my neck, and asked if this was all  
that had lately made me unhappy."

"But," added he, "she cannot realize  
the change we must undergo. She has no  
idea of the poverty but the abstract; she  
had only read of it in poetry, where it is  
allied to love. She feels as yet no priva-  
tion; she suffers no loss of accustomed con-  
veniences or elegancies. When we come  
practically to experience its sordid cares,  
its paltry wants, its petty humiliations, then  
will be the trial."

"But said I, 'now that you have got over  
the severest task, that of breaking it to her,  
the sooner you let the world into the secret,  
the better. He is a single misery, and  
soon over; whereas, you otherwise suffer  
it in anticipation, every hour in the day.  
It is not poverty so much as the apprehen-  
sion of it, that harrows a ruined man—the struggle  
between a proud mind and an empty purse—  
the keeping up a hollow show that must  
soon come to an end. Have the courage  
to appear poor and you disarm poverty of  
its sharpest sting.' On this point I found  
Leslie perfectly prepared. He had no false  
pride himself, and as to his wife, she was  
only anxious to conform to their altered  
fortunes."

Some days afterwards he called upon me  
in the evening. He had disposed of his  
dwelling house and taken a small cottage  
in the country, a few miles from town. He  
had been busied all day in sending out fur-  
niture. The new establishment required  
few articles, and those of the simplest kind.  
All the splendid furniture of his late resi-  
dence had been sold, excepting his wife's  
harp. That, he said, was too closely as-  
sociated with the idea of herself; it belong-  
ed to the little story of their loves; for some  
of the sweetest moments of their courtship  
were those when he had leaned over that  
instrument, and listened to the molting  
tones of her voice. I could smile at this  
instance of romantic gallantry in a dotting  
husband.

He was now going out to the cottage,  
where his wife had been all day superin-  
tending its arrangement. My feelings be-  
came strongly interested in the progress of  
this family story, and as it was a fine even-  
ing, I offered to accompany him.

"Poor Mary!" said I, "little broke, with a  
heavy sigh, from his lips.

"And what of her?" asked I, "has any-  
thing happened to her?"

"What," said he, "daring an impatient  
glance, it is nothing to be reduced to this  
paltry situation—to be degraded in a miserable  
cottage—to be obliged to toil almost in the  
mental concern of her wretched habitation!"

"Has she then repined at the change?"

"Repined! she has been nothing but  
sweetness and good humor. Indeed, she  
seems in better spirits than I have ever

known her—she has been to me all love,  
and tenderness and comfort!"

"Admirable girl!" exclaimed I. "You  
call yourself poor, my friend; you never  
were so rich—you never knew the bound-  
less treasures of excellence you possess  
in that woman."

"Oh! but my friend, if this first meeting  
at the cottage were over, I think I could  
be comfortable. But this is her first day  
of real experience; she has been introduced  
into a humble dwelling—she has been all  
day in arranging its miserable equipment—  
she has for the first time known the fati-  
gues of domestic employment—she has  
for the first time looked around her on a  
home destitute of everything elegant;—  
almost of everything convenient; and may  
be sitting down, exhausted and spiritless,  
brooding over a prospect of future poverty."

There was a degree of probability in this  
picture that I could not gainsay, so we  
walked on in silence.

After turning from the main road up a  
narrow lane, so thickly shaded with forest  
trees as to give it a complete air of seclu-  
sion, we came in sight of the cottage. It  
was humble enough in appearance for the  
most pastoral poet; and yet it had a pleas-  
ing rural look. A wild vine had overrun  
it with a profusion of foliage; a few  
trees threw their branches gracefully over  
it; and I observed several pots of flowers  
tastefully disposed about the door and on  
the grass plot in front. A small white  
gate opened upon a footpath that wound  
through some shrubbery to the door. Just  
as we approached we heard the sound of  
music; Leslie grasped my arm; we paused  
and listened. It was Mary's voice singing,  
in a style of the most touching simplicity,  
a little air of which her husband was pecu-  
liarly fond.

I felt Leslie's hand tremble on my arm.  
He stopped forward to hear more distinctly.  
His step made a noise on the gravel walk.  
A bright beautiful glance fell on the win-  
dow; and Mary came tripping forth to  
meet us; she was in a pretty rural dress  
of white; a few wild flowers were twisted  
in her fine hair; a fresh blossom was on  
her cheek; her whole countenance beamed  
with smiles—I had never seen her look so  
lovely.

"My dear George!" cried she, "I am so  
glad you are come! I have been watching  
and waiting for you. I've set out a table  
under a beautiful tree behind the cottage;  
and I've been gathering some of the most  
delicious strawberries, for I know you are  
fond of them; and we have such excellent  
cream; and everything is so sweet and  
still here. Oh! said she, putting her arm  
within his and looking up brightly in his  
face, "Oh, we shall be so happy!"

Poor Leslie was overcome. He caught  
her to his bosom; he folded her arms  
around her; he kissed her again and again;  
he could not speak, but the tears gushed  
into his eyes; and he had often assured me,  
that though the world has since gone  
prosperously with him, and his life has in-  
deed been a happy one, yet never has he  
experienced a moment of more exquisite  
felicity.

A late English paper contains a letter  
purporting to have been written by a young  
gardener to a lady whom he loved, and  
whom he wished to wed. Whether ex-  
actly such a letter was actually written and  
sent by the gardener, I have not the means  
of knowing, nor is it of much consequence.  
The letter is an ingenious one, by what-  
ever means it came to see the light. It reads  
thus:

"My rose, Mary:

"As you are the pink of perfection and the  
blossom of May, I wish to tell you that my  
wife's case has been torn up by the roots,  
and the press of my holm entirely destroy-  
ed since I began to pine for you. Yew  
will perceive that I am a gardener. My  
name is William Budd. At first I was poor;  
but by shooting in the spring, and raising  
a carnation fast, I obtained a celery, and by  
a little cabbing, &c., I rose to be master  
(though something like a creeper) of the  
whole garden. I have now the mint; com-  
mon and the penny-royal; and what my  
expenditures leaves I put in a box for yew.  
If I may, as a cock-  
comb, speak of myself, I should say that  
I am the flower of manhood, that I am nei-  
ther a standard nor a dwarf, a mushroom nor  
a Maypole. My nose is of the turnip-red-  
dish kind, and my locks hang in clusters  
around my ears. I am often in the com-  
pany of rakes, and rather fond of vines and  
shrubs, which my elders reprove me for;  
I have a Windsor beard, and say that I have  
a good stock with a portly bearing, I will  
know when and where to make my bow. I  
do not act for myself, and fix an early  
day for grafting your late with mine. I  
am certain that we should make a very nice  
pear, and never repent, even when we be-  
come sage by thyme. You would be the  
balm of my life, and I would be the balsam  
of yours, so that the people who would call  
us green now, would call us evergreen  
hereafter. And now sweet peas be with  
yew, and if he who tried it takes me from  
yew I shall become a melon cauliflower,  
and wither away; my tongue will always  
be a scarlet runner in your praise; for I  
have planted my hope in yew, and now I  
only live for the time when I may hear  
from your own lips that I am your own  
sweet William, and not your

weeping willow."

"How are you, Mr. Brown?" "Ah, how  
is Green?" "Very well, and have you heard  
lately from Gray?" "Yes, White is just  
from Black's, and says he is well." "Glad  
to hear it," and while men with colored  
names moved on, never missing their way  
had caused a son of Africa to split his side  
—"wid larkin at dis mix up ob paint pots,"  
—Lafayette Register.

THE DUTIES OF A MOTHER.—She should  
be firm—gentle—kind—always ready to at-  
tend to her child.

She should never laugh at him—at what  
he does that is foolish—never allow him  
to think of his looks, except to be neat and  
clean in all his habits.

She should teach him to obey a look—  
to respect those older than himself; she  
should never make a command, without  
seeing that it is performed in the right man-  
ner.

Never speak of a child's faults or foibles,  
or repeat his remarks before him. It is a  
sure way to spoil a child.

Never reprove a child when excited, nor  
let your tone of voice be raised when cor-  
recting. Strive to inspire love, not dread—  
respect, not fear. Remember you are train-  
ing and educating a soul for eternity.

Teach your children to wait upon them-  
selves, to put away a thing when done with  
it. But do not forget that you were once  
a child. The grief of little ones are too  
often neglected; they are great for them.  
Bear patiently with them, and never in  
any way raise their anger if it can be avoid-  
ed. Teach a child to be useful whenever  
opportunity may offer.

"What have you done to further human  
progress?" asked a sententious philosopher  
one day of Jenkins.

Jenkins' reply was clear and decisive.  
"I've produced seven boys and two girls  
sir." The philosopher departed, and for  
the first time in his life—thought.

It is said, and very beautifully said, that  
"one man's wit becomes all men's wis-  
dom." Even more true is it that one  
man's virtue becomes a standard which  
raises our anticipation of possible goodness  
in all men.

A THIEF DROVE ARRESTED IN NEW  
YORK.—The following case, before one  
of the Police Courts of New York city, is  
reported in the Tribune:

The Judge called the name of Perry  
Sappington.

"Here I am, wide awake and full of  
deeds," responded an athletic six-footer,  
who had been looking with considerable  
interest upon the proceedings. Mr. Sapping-  
ton was a young man about twenty-  
two years, quite bronzed in the face. His  
features were partially hidden by a heavy  
beard of about a week's growth. He was  
dressed in a jeans coat, vest and pants of  
a "brindle" color, a red flannel shirt, and  
in cowhide boots with soles fully an inch  
thick. In his hand he held the remains of  
an old slouched hat. He approached the  
railing.

"If anybody wants me bad, jest trot 'em  
out," said Mr. Sappington.

"You are charged, Sappington, with hav-  
ing found drunk in the street."

"What's the man that sez I hav'n't a  
right to get drunk if I want to? I'm a  
'Merican."

"It happens to be an offense against the  
law in New York to be found drunk."

"So much the wuss for the law. We  
aint such fools wath I cum from, down in  
Kentucky."

"Then you are from Kentucky?"

"I was born thar, but was raised in Dunk  
lin county."

"Where is Dunklin?"

"I recored you haint traveled 'much in  
Missouri. It's 'tween 'tween in the south-  
east. It was located on swamp land, be-  
cause thar was n't room for it any whar  
else in the State. It's an almighty coun-  
ty. Judge—that is south-east—snakes, fev-  
er and ague, lean niggers, yaller gals and  
Democrats is the principal products of the  
sile. You've never been thar, Judge, have  
you?"

"No, I have not."

"Well, I allowed you had'n't. I would  
n't advise you to go. If you should go  
thar by way of variety do n't make a long  
stay. I staid so long that it took me twelve  
years to get strength enough to get out of  
the d—d swamps."

"Say, sir, swearing is not allowed in  
court. You must not do 'gain profanity."

"Excuse me, Judge, but I can't never  
think of Dunklin county without wantin'  
to swear. I never was so glad of anything  
in my life as I got over into Ellenoey."

The officer who arrested Mr. Sappington  
then gave his testimony. He stated that  
about 12 o'clock on Saturday night he saw  
Mr. Sappington walking down one of the  
principal streets, in a very irregular man-  
ner. He suddenly sheered off and ran about  
of a barber's pole. Mr. S. then commenced  
abusing the pig for its unwarrantable as-  
sault on him while peaceably going along  
the streets. The officer then volunteered  
to take Mr. Sappington's part, and told him  
if he would accompany him he would leave  
the assaulting party (the barber's pole) in  
the hands of an officer. After some per-  
suation Mr. S. acquiesced, and the officer  
brought him to the Station-house, by which  
time he was so drunk that he was unable  
to stand.

"What is your business, Mr. Sapping-  
ton?" asked the Judge.

"I come with a drove."

"What kind of a drove?"

"That was a right smart chance of oxen  
and a slight sprinklin' of cows."

"Did you come with the drove from Ill-  
inois?"

"Yes, sir, I reeked I did, and I rode  
shank's mare all the way, except when I  
rode one of the oxen by way of variety.  
But the animals was n't broke for ridin',  
so I did n't make a heap by the change.  
Judge, you did n't never try founin' it twelve  
hundred miles did you?"

"No I never did."

"Well, by the time you've been over  
half the ground you'll allow that it's rat-  
her trying to a man's underpinning."

"Mr. Sappington, where did you pur-  
chase your liquor?"

"That's 'sly one place that I know of  
to get it."

"Where's that?"

"At the whiskey shops and taverns of  
course."

"What I wish to know is the particular  
shop or store or hotel where you purchas-  
ed the liquor."

"You're too much for me thar Judge,  
Thar's about as many bar-rooms in York  
as thar's customers."

"At how many places did you drink?"

"I drunk at a heap of 'em—but before  
that I drunk wunst or twint out of a bottle  
that I brought with me from Ellenoey."

"Where did you purchase the liquor that  
you had in your bottle?"

"In Jersey, Judge. When I squeezed  
all I could out of that I started out among  
the bar-rooms."

"What kind of liquor did you drink?"

"Gentle-juice, Judge, never drunk any  
other, and I shouldn't have drunk but  
that I was smart sick for a day or two after  
I got here; I thought a little rum would  
warm my stumuck. But whar's the use of ask-  
in' all these questions?"

"The reason is that by law a person found  
drunk is obliged to state where he procur-  
ed his liquor, if he knows."

"Well, I don't know; I reckon you've  
got through with me now."

"Not quite, sir. You are fined ten dol-  
lars, and you call that ar' doin' things  
on the sly wath strangers?"

"Judge, Mr. Sappington, is the present  
law."

"Then I must lose an X, must I?"

"Yes, sir, or be imprisoned for ten days."

"Then I reckon I'll disgorge the X.—  
I'm afraid thar bein' behind the bars might  
be injurious to my constituoshun."

John Ross of Montreal has discovered a  
new motive power which will wath a ship  
across the ocean in three days; and further-  
more, that if a hole were bored in the bot-  
tom the ship would float with equal safety  
and freedom.

AN INCIDENT.—A correspondent informs  
us of an incident which occurred at the  
Congregational Church, in Westminster,  
in this State, last Sabbath:

The clergyman, an aged minister, was  
preaching from the text, "I speak unto wise  
men, and ye shall say, 'Why sayest thou  
thus?'" He advanced as far as "thou," when he ob-  
served that many of his hearers, overcome  
by the heat of the day, had fallen asleep.  
Stopping in his discourse, and wiping the  
perspiration from his furrowed brow, he  
exclaimed:

"My friends, as the day is sultry and  
oppressive, I will stop awhile, and request  
the choir, in the meantime, to sing the  
"Coronation," commencing "My drowsy  
powers why sleep ye so?"

The effect was electrical, bringing the  
audience to their feet. They remained  
standing, while the sublime chorus, from  
the combined voices of the choir and con-  
gregation, filled the house, and effectually  
destroyed the disposition to sleep. The  
preacher resumed his discourse at "third-  
ly."—Lynn News.

Stage Lines.

SHELBYVILLE & EMINENCE  
STAGE LINE, connecting with the Louisville  
and Frankfort Railroad, JOHN R. BECK-  
LEY, Proprietor.

This Line leaves Shelbyville, at 6 o'clock, A. M.,  
meets the morning train (eastward and westward)  
at Louisville, and leaves Louisville at 8 o'clock,  
A. M., arriving in Frankfort at 10 o'clock,  
A. M. Returning, leave at 2 o'clock, P. M., arrive at  
Eminence at 5 o'clock, P. M. This arrangement  
will give to our citizens from four to five hours in which  
to transact business in Louisville, Frankfort, or Lexington,  
and return the same day. They can also, by  
this line, leave Shelbyville at 6 A. M., and arrive  
in Cincinnati at 7 P. M.

I return my thanks to the public for the liberal  
patronage bestowed upon this line since its com-  
mencement, and they may rely on every thing being done to  
insure the safe and speedy transit of passengers;  
and to the citizens of Shelbyville, who are doing, hope  
to merit a continuance of their custom.

ADAMS EXPRESS.  
THE public are respectfully informed that we will  
forward packages DAILY to Shelbyville, Ky.,  
via the Louisville and Frankfort Railroad, at  
the rate of 20 cents per pound, and at the rate  
of 20 cents per pound, and at the rate of 20  
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